Pravara Varudhineeyam

SANSKRIT TEXT

by

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and

English Translation

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I respectfully dedicate this,
my English Translation of

PRAVARA VARUDHINEEYAM

to the

Hon'ble V. V. GIRI

President of India.

May the Almighty God bless him and his family
with
long life, health and happiness peace & plenty.

P. KRISHNAMOORTY

Hon'ble Sri V. V. Giri
President of India
New Delhi.

FOREWORD

Manucharitra is the finest product of the Prabandha Age of Telugu literature. Allasani Peddanna, the author of Manucharitra was the protege of Krishnadevaraya of Vijayanagar and is known as Andhrakavita Pitamaha.

The story of Pravara and Varudhini narrated in the first two Asvasas of Manucharitra is of unrivalled poetic charm. The confrontation between the voluptuous divine damsel, Varudhini and the self-abnegating householder, Pravara culminating in the rejection of the former's love by the latter, so deftly presented by Allasani Peddanna in such melliflous and bewitching style constitutes one of the glorious achievements of poetic genius in any language. Pravara's character reminds one of the soul-elevating triumph of Nachiketas and Buddha over worldly enticements.

Brahmasri Sannidhanam Suryanarayana Sastry Garu, a noteworthy scholar of Sanskrit and Telugu, has rendered the first two Cantos of Manucharitra into Sanskrit, under the title of Pravaravarudhiniyam. Sri Sastry has produced about twenty-five works in Sanskrit and Telugu which bear ample testimony to his scholarship and poetic excellence.

Brahmasri P. Krishna Murthy, a scholar who has dedicated himself to the 'art' of translation of Sanskrit and Telugu works into English for the dissemination of Indian culture among the English knowing public is the author of the present English translation of Pravaravarudhiniyam. Sri KrishnaMurthy has already got about thirty works to his credit. The translator has done full justice to the original Sanskrit composition.

I congratulate most heartily Sri Krishna Murthy on this production of his.

1st March 1970.
'Srinivasa',
Viveknagar,
Bhagyanagar,
Hyderabad-20.

B. R. SASTRY.

INTRODUCTION

Allasani Peddana, like his great predecessor Srinadha, followed his footsteps and enjoyed all royal favours and luxuries and won for himself the famed name of a great poet without a peer. Just as Srinadha was honoured with the title "Kavisarvabhouma" (the Prince of Poets), Peddana won for himself the most endearing name of "Andhra Kavita Pitamaha" (the grand-father of Telugu Poets). This eminent poet Peddana, unlike the great classical poets that preceded him, has trodden new ways and ventured into writing a new form of Poetry called 'Prabandha'. All the great poets before Peddana exhibited their learning and poetic skill only in translating Sanskrit works into Telugu, but Peddana, on the other hand, did not follow them. He has taken a short popular story as his nucleus for his new scheme of Prabandha, lengthened the old story, bringing in entirely new ideas, new imagery and descriptions, and deftly wove all of these into a work of great and unexcelled poetry, portraying apt characters supported by fine and proper sentiments. Peddana must be said to be the first and foremost writer of such a kind of poetry and became a transcendental guide for subsequent poets.

This great poet lived in the time of Sri Krishnadevaraya, who exercised unquestioned sway over the whole of Andhra and Karnataka regions. He is the foremost of the eight great poets known as Ashtadiggajas that adorned his Court.

He belongs to the Nandavarika sect of the Niyogi Community. He is the son of the Minister Chokkana.

Some say he is a Vaishnavite, and others a Smartha. His preceptor was Satagopayati. It can be said that he is a Vaishnavite from the heirarchy of this Guru. But if one goes closely and carefully through his invocations and prayers with which he began his work, it appears to be certain that he was a Smartha.

Though some people say that he got his title "Andhra Kavita Pitamaha" on account of his great Manucharitra, it can be seen from a verse in the said work itself that it has no basis for truth. The verse reads as follows :

"హితుఁడవు; చతురవచోనిధి;
వతుల పురాణాగ మేతిహాస కథార్థ
స్మృతియుతుఁడ; వాంధ్రకవితా
పితామహుఁడ; వెవ్వరీడు వేర్కొననీకున్?"

"Thou art a friend; thou art an adept in speaking in a charming language : thou art very well versed in the Puranas, Agamas, Itihasas and Smrities ; thou art the father of the line of the great Telugu Poets; who can be said to be thy equal?"

From this, it becomes plain that he got this great title long before he wrote his great Prabandham Manucharitra.

There is an episode to say that the Emperor Sri Krishna Devaraya, in the midst of an assembly of great poets and other learned scholars, himself adorned his leg with a gold anklet (Gandapendera) as a unique tribute for his matchless, spontaneous and rich poetic talents in both Sanskrit and Telugu languages.

Peddana completed his great Prabandha Manucharitra and dedicated it to his royal patron Sri Krishna

Devaraya. This great literary work is also popularly known as "Swarochisha Manu Sambhavam". This work is one of the great Telugu Pancha Mahakavyas. This can be said to be the first literary composition, which is to be studied by all those interested in the study and mastery of Telugu language. His poetry is noted for the richness and variety of long Sanskrit compounds and the presence of a number of words from other languages. He can be said to be an unequalled master in his presentation of most beautiful ideas in their exquisite exposition, in the use of sweet and soft expressions and in his descriptive imagery.

Though Manucharitra is the only work he wrote, there are several stray verses attributed to him. He lived for some time even after the death of his great royal patron Sri Krishna Devaraya. He expressed his sorrow that it was nothing but his peculiar misfortune to have survived such a great king and compared his former affluent condition with his subsequent miserable state of life and wept grievously for such an unbearable and unfortunate change in his life. He lived from the end of the 15th century to about the middle of the 16th century A. D. From this, it can be said that he lived right up to 60 or 70 years.

Sri Siromani Sannidhanam Suryanarayana Sastri Garu, who needs no introduction to the Telugu and Sanskrit Literary and Poetic world, has written in most beautiful Sanskrit verses the work known as "Pravara Varudhineeyam" based on the story of Peddana's Manucharitra, as revealed in the first two Chapters, at every step adhering to the technique of Peddana's poetic diction and idiom. Sri Sastri Garu was not only the Sanskrit and Telugu teacher to my brothers and myself, but has also been my guide, friend and philosopher during my

career as the Telugu Master in a local High School for well nigh three and half decades. He has been our great well-wisher even to this day. He has enriched the Telugu language and acquired a great name and fame on account of his authorship of over 25 Telugu and 15 Sanskrit literary productions. Of the above of his works, his Tatsamachandrika and Kavyalankarasangraham can be rightly said to be monumental literary productions, which have already become Classics. They reveal his inimitable Scholarship in Sanskrit Grammar. Rhetoric and Poetics.

As can be seen from the high Compliment paid to Sri Sastri Garu by no less a Scholar than Sriman Pandita-raja D. T. Tatacharya, Siromani, M. O. L., Tirupati, who in his review of the original Sanskrit Text in the SKt. Monthly Journal "Udyana Patrica" of June 1968, has been pleased to State that Sri Sastri Garu can rightly be called a "Mahakavi".

I have great pleasure to quote here under the actual words of that distinguished scholar, in this connection.

"అద్యతనేషు కతిపయేషు సంస్కృతమహాకవిషు అత్రభవాన్ శాస్త్రి అన్యతమః శ్లోకానాం పఠనే అయత్నకృతం స్వయంనిష్పన్నం పదగుంభనమితి సహృదయానాం మతిః న నజాయేత. లక్ష్యజ్ఞత్వే యాకరణస్సన్ అపూర్వాణి బహూని ధాతురూపాణి ప్రయుంక్తే."

"The respected Sri Sastri Garu is one of the very few Sanskrit Mahakavis of the present day. One cannot but feel in his heart of hearts, as he reads the verses of the Kavya, that there is a natural and quite effortless grace in his choice of expression and diction. The learned scholar has also introduced in the course of his Kavya rare verbal forms as he is an adept in the art of using such forms and has attained a sort of mastery over the technique and Grammatical structure of Sanskrit Verbs."

I have rendered Sri Sastri Garu's great work into English with a hope that those who cannot appreciate either the original Telugu Text of Peddana or its Sanskrit Version of Sri Sastri Garu, will be impressed with the great genius of Peddana revealed through his great classic Manucharitra.

This is my humble tribute to our revered Teacher and well-wisher Sri Siromani Sastri Garu.

I offer my thanks to Sri S. Anjeneyulu, B. A. for the helpful suggestions given during the course of my translation.

I also offer my thanks to Dr. B.R. Sastri Garu, M.A., Ph. D. for favouring me with a word of introduction to this.

Further, I thank Sri Sastri Garu for graciously permitting me to incorporate his Sanskrit Verses in this.

Lastly, I thank Sriman M. Muralikrishna,Proprietor, Chary & Co.,for the good attention paid and neat get-up given.

Secunderabad
25-7-70

P. KRISHNAMOORTI

అవతారికా

విజయనగరాధినేతా సంశ్లాఘిత ఆంధ్రభోజ ఇతి
శ్రీకృష్ణదేవరాయః సంసది యస్యాష్టదిగ్గజా ఆసన్ ॥

ఆంధ్రకవితాపితామహ బిరుదాంకః పేద్దనకవీంద్రః
బరావతో బఖాసే యేన కృతం మనుచరిత్రమితి కావ్యం ॥

యథా సంస్కృతభాషాయాం కాళిదాసకవేర్వచః
సరలం మధురం చాంధ్ర్యాం తథా పేద్దనసత్కవేః ॥

చకారేదం కవిః కావ్యమంకితం కృష్ణభూభుజా
దదా తస్మై యోఽగ్రహారం రత్నభూషాంబరాణి చ ॥

పింఛాందోళనమారోప్య స్కంధేనోవాహ వీథిషు
తస్యాభుకవితాప్రీతః స్వయం పాదేఽంగదం న్యధాత్ ॥

Aum.

PREFACE

1. Sri Krishna Devaraya was the Emperor of Vijayanagar and was popularly famous as Andhra Bhoja. He had in his Court the eight great poets styled as Ashta Diggajas.

2. Allasani Peddana, who was recognised as the Father of Telugu Poetry (Andhra Kavita Pitamaha) shone, among the eight great Court Poets, as the great Iravata amongst the eight elephants that adorned the eight corners of the compass. He was the author of a great Kavya called Manucharitra.

3. Just as Kalidasa's Poetry is reputed to be most elegant and sweet in Sanskrit, so was Peddana's Poetry in Andhra Literature.

4. Peddana dedicated his classic Kavya Manucharitra to the Emperor Sri Krishna Devaraya. In return, he made to him gifts of many Agraharams, costly clothes and invaluable gold ornaments studded with diamonds.

5. Further, the Emperor seated him in a Royal palanquin and carried him in person through the main streets of his imperial capital. Krishnadevaraya was so much pleased with his extempore poetry that he personally adorned his foot with a gold anklet(Gandapendera).

ప్రవరః పరమశ్రోత్రియ యువాత్ర నేతా నవో మదనః
కావ్యే; వరూథినితి ప్రీదళవధూర్నాయికా చ కామపాలా ॥

అత్యధ్వమపయాంతం తం విలోక్యైకానీ వధూః
మనోహత్య స్మరక్రీడ రసంభోక్తుం మనో దధా ॥

నాధరబింబఫలం వా న పయోధరచాడిపీఫలే వాస్యాః
రురుచాతే యువకీరా యాస్మై; చిత్రం యథా పురోడాశః

తస్యా విభ్రమజానేఽ పతితః; కథమపి బలాత్కరగృహీతః
శుక ఏష క్రోట్యతాం విద్ధ్వా నభ ఉత్పాత రయాత్ ।

ఆదర్శప్రాయంత్విహ గార్హస్థ్యం వర్ణితం కావ్యే
విప్రస్యాతిశ్లిష్యం యేనార్హతి భూమిదేవపద మేషః ॥

6. A Brahmin youth, by name Pravara, who can be compared to Cupid himself in beauty and personal charm, is the hero of this classic. A Gandharva maiden, Varudhini by name, who was oppressed by uncontrollable feelings of lust and love, is the heroine.

7. Varudhini fell passionately in love with Pravara, who came there having missed his way and wanted to enjoy the pleasure of sexual union with him.

8. But this youthful Pravara, did not relish the idea of enjoying the sweetness of that kiss of the maiden's nether lip or the embrace of her blooming inviting breasts, but he loved nothing but the offerings to the sacred fire (Purodasam).

9. Not falling as a victim into the net of passionate love, spread around him by Varudhini, and in spite of being compelled to consent for a union with her, the youthful Brahmin with great difficulty, pricked her with his nose like a parrot and spurned her and in great speed escaped into the regions of Heaven.

10. The great ideals of Pravara's duties as a householder have been beautifully presented in this Kavya. It is only on account of such great ideals, Pravara has become reputed as a veritable God on earth (Bhoomisura).

ప్రవరపురాధినీయమ్

అస్తి కిలార్యావర్తే వరణాతటినీతటే మహీదేవ్యాః
శైవేయనాయకమణి ర్వా పుర మురణాస్పదం నామ ॥

విప్రా అత పితామహం నగణయంత్యామ్నాయ విద్యాగచణాః
ఋత్తా భార్గవమన్యజయ్య మధరీకృత్యాహ్వయంతే ముహుః
వైశ్యా దాతుమలం నిధానపతయే నీపీం వణిజ్యాకృతే
శూద్రా ఆదిమభిక్షుకస్య కృషితో భిజా మపాకుర్వతే ॥

వేశ్యాజనో దత్తపత్తో రంభాదిసురయోషితామ్
ఆశిఖాలలనాప్యత్ర బహువీర్యవతీ కిల ॥

అస్యాం పుర్యాం న్యవసదపరః పుష్పధన్వాభిరూప్యే
విద్యాయాం గీర్యువతి; రథ పుణ్యాధ్వరాణాం చ కర్తా
ఆమ్నాయానామనవరతమధ్యాపకశ్శిష్యకోశే
ర్విప్రః శ్లాఘ్యః ప్రవర ఇతి యోఽన్వర్థనామా చకాశే ॥

PRAVARA VARUDHINEEYAM

In Aryavarta, on the banks of the river Varuna, there was once a city called Arunaspadam, which was like a necklace of diamonds to mother earth.

The Brahmins there were all highly learned and well-versed in all the Vedas and could even challenge Brahma himself in learning. The Kshatriyas there—every one of them—was capable of inviting Parasurama himself often to a fight with him. The Vysyas there were so rich and affluent that they could even finance Kubera himself, if necessary, for commercial business. The Sudras of the place were such experts in cultivation that they could even remove Lord Siva's necessity to go about begging for alms.

The dancing women of the place were so beautiful and charming that they could send even to Rambha and other divine damsels notices to a contest of beauty. Even the tenderest branch of every tree there is very hardy and strong.

In that city, there was an illustrious Brahmin, Pravara by name, who, in appearance and beauty, & manly grace can overshadow even Manmatha himself, who, in culture and learning, was verily a match even to Saraswati, the Goddess of Learning, who was far famed on account of the performances of great sacrifices who was a repository of Vedic culture and learning and who was a refuge to all who were in quest of Knowledge.

బభూవ సౌందర్యమముష్య భోగ బాహ్యం విరాగాభినివిష్ట బుద్ధేః
మానోజ్ఞకం చంపకసూనకస్య భృంగాంగనానామివ కాముకీనామ్ ॥

స సోమపీథీ వయసి ద్వితీయే ధనీ. సుఖీ స్వప్రియధర్మదారైః
మాతాపితృభ్యాం గృహభారవాఢ్యాం వినీయమానః స్పృహణీయ
భాగ్యః ॥

విప్రోఽసౌ భగవత్స్తవై రనుదినం బ్రాహ్మే ముహూర్తే ప్రబు
ద్ధ్యేత్వా తాం తటినీం స్వశిష్యసహితః స్నాత్వా చ సాంధ్యక్రియాః
గాయత్రీం చ సమాప్య సైకతతలే నత్వా చ భానుం గృహం
ప్రత్యాయాతి జనైః స్తుతః కుశసమిద్భారైర్వటూనాం గణైః ॥

శిష్టాచార మథాభిజాత్య మభివీక్ష్యామ్నాయధర్మక్రియాః
దానీయో భవతీతి భూమిపతిభిర్దత్తం న గృహ్ణాత్యసౌ
సాలగ్రామముఖం చ దాన; మవనిస్త్రిస్తస్య సూతే ఫలం
ప్రత్యబ్దం; ధనధాన్యగవ్యమముకస్యాక్షయ్య ముత్తిష్ఠతే ॥

న తస్య దారా అలసా భవంతి కదాపి పాకాయ; దదత్యజస్రం
భోజ్యం నిశీథేఽప్యతిథిభ్య ఇష్టం స్వబంధుతాయా ఇవ హృష్టచిత్తాః ॥

This learned Brahmin's beauty and charm were denied even to the most charming and enticingly lustful of the most beautiful of women, being of a philosophic bent of mind, even as the she-bees could not suck out the rich and sweet juice of Champa flowers.

Pravara, who, in his youth performed all Vedic Sacrifices, was rich and was leading a contented life with his legally-married wife and was enjoying all happiness and prosperity in his home under the care and guardianship of his beloved and venerable parents.

This great Brahmin used to get up every morning early at Brahmimuhurta, singing songs of praise to God, go to the river accompanied by his Sishyas to bathe; after bathing, he offered his morning ablutions, invoked Gayatri and offered Salutations to the Sun, standing on the sandy bank, and then turned homewards accompanied by his disciples, carrying Kusa grass and sacrificial sticks and receiving on the way Salutations and respectful greetings of the village folk throughout.

He would not condescend to accept even Saligrama Dana from the Kings in the vicinity, who wanted to honour him, as they considered him fully worthy of receiving gifts by virtue of his strict orthodoxy, high and great lineage and his devoted life as a true and ideal Vedic Brahmin. Every year his lands yielded enough and rich crop of all kinds. He had abundance of wealth, rich stores of grain and plenty of cattle wealth.

His wife was one who knew no tiresomeness. Even if guests came at the dead of night, she prepared rich food for them and fed them sumptuously as though they were her own nearest and dearest.

ప్రత్యుద్గచ్ఛతి తైర్ధికాః స్వపురమాయాంతీతి బుద్ధ్వా నమ
స్కృత్యాద్భుత్య సమానయ; త్యథ దదాత్యాతిథ్యమిష్టాశనం
విశ్రాంతానుపగమ్య విశ్వగతత్తత్తీర్థమాహాత్మ్య ము
చ్చోర్తుం కాంక్షతి; గంతుమిచ్ఛతి; స దూరాకర్ణనాత్కుంచతి ॥

అతిథిసపర్యార్పితహృద్యేవం తస్థుషి గృహే మహీదేవే
ఆయాతః కస్మింశ్చన దివసే సిద్ధస్తదీయమావాసమ్ ॥

వైయాఘ్రకృత్త్యా పుకుటీ స్వయోగ దండేన సంయోజితకడుపాలః
కాషాయవాసాః కృతభస్మలేపో భాతిస్మ సిద్ధ స్సకమండులు స్సః ॥

అభిగత్య యోగినం తం ప్రణిపత్య సమర్చ్యచార్ఘ్యపాద్యాభ్యామ్
మూర్తీకృతభక్త్యాసౌ మృష్టేనాన్నేన తర్పయిత్వాహ ॥

As soon as Pravara heard that pilgrims on their way were passing through that place, he would go to welcome them and conduct them to his home with all respect and feed them with a high sense of devotion and duty. After the guests rested for a while, he would go to them and desire to know from them the wonders and glories of the various places of pilgrimage in this land. Having learnt from them all that they narrated with interest, he would cherish the idea of visiting those places himself. But when he thought of those very distant places of pilgrimage, he would pause for a while.

While Pravara was thus engaged in honouring, respecting and feeding the guests that visited him, it so happened that a Siddha Purusha one day visited his home.

The Siddha had on his head a cap made of tiger's skin, held his Yogadanda, hung from his shoulders the begging bag, clothed himself in saffron clothes, smeared himself all over his body with the holy ashes and had in his hand his Kamandalu. Such was the personality of that Siddha.

Pravara offered his salutations to the Siddha after he entered his home, worshipped him by offering ablutions of water for cleansing his hands and feet and like one who is the very personification of all devotion, satisfied him with rich and sumptuous meal and addressed him thus.

"కుతోభవాన్? గచ్ఛతి కుత్ర? కింవా కార్యం మయా త్వత్పదకింక
రేణ?
ప్రపూతమాసీన్మమగేహమథ్య ధన్యోఽహమస్మి; ప్రశామ మేఽఘమ్॥

మంత్రా భవతో వాచః ప్రయాగపవాంఘ్రిముద్రితో దేశః
సిద్ధేర్జితపాదజలా న్యమరఝరీపుణ్యవారీణి ॥

తస్యైవ భాగ్యం; సుకృతంచ తస్యై వావంధ్య ఆజీవ ఉదీర్ణజన్మ
భవాదృశా యస్య గృహే ప్రసన్నాః కృతాధితేయా హ్యతిథా
భవంతి ॥

నమోఽస్తు యోగీంద్ర ! కుటుంబపంక నిర్మగ్నమాదృగ్గృహమేధి
సంఘం
నోద్ధర్తుమస్యౌషధమన్యదుర్వ్యాం యుష్మత్పదాంభోజరజోఽపహాయ ॥

ఇత్యుక్తో మునిరవద చ్ఛృణు ! వత్స ! త్వాదృశాం గృహస్థానాం
సుఖవృత్త్యైవాస్మాదృశ తైర్థికజనతీర్థసేవనం సిద్ధ్యేత్ ॥

"Whence do you hail? Wither art thou bound? What is it that I, thy servant waiting at thy feet for command, should do for thee? I feel my home sanctified this day. My sins, whatever they are, have been washed away. I am indeed really blest.

Thy spoken words are to me just like charms. The places trodden by thy sacred feet are indeed as holy as Prayaga and the water with which thy feet have been cleansed is sacred and blessed holy Ganga water to me.

The homes of those house-holders, where into holy persons like thee entered and received hospitality and left fully satisfied with the rich repasts offered to them, those house-holders are indeed the most fortunate and blessed. He is verily the luckiest of all. His life is truly a really fully lived life.

O Sage ! My salutations to thee. To sanctify the homes of house - holders like myself, who are immersed in the mire of worldly life - Samsara - there is no other method of saving them except with the sacred dust of thy holy feet".

The Siddha listened to the earnest respectful entreaties of Pravara and said thus "Listen to me, O my son. It is only through the happy lives lived by people like thee that we pilgrims are able to successfully complete our pilgrimages.

అంకస్థా ధనశేటికా; సురతరుః ప్రాకారరూఢో; నిధిః
ప్రాప్తః ప్రాంగణసీమ్ని; ఘోరమరుభూపానీయశాలా; గృహీ
పంగ్వంధాతిథిమూకబధిరకపర్దివ్రాడాద్యనాథప్రజా
సంఘాతస్య; గృహస్థవృత్తిసదృశీ వృత్తిః క్వ భూమీసుర! " ॥

ఇతి సిద్ధం స్తువంతం స్వ మూచేఽసౌ భగవన్ ! నమః
భవత్సేవితతీర్థాని విశిష్య శ్రోతుమిచ్ఛామి ॥

దేశేషు కేషు భవతోషిత? మవ్ను కాసు
స్నానం సరిత్సు? చరితం కుధరేషు కేషు?
పుణ్యేషు కేషు చ వనేష్వటితం ? మహాత్మన్ !
ఆవేద్యతాం త్వదుపసేవితతీర్థజాతమ్ ॥

నిషేవితుం న ప్రభవంతి తీర్థ యాత్రామహా త్త్వప్రవణేన శామ్యేత్
దుష్పాపమిత్యాహు రతోఽర్థయే త్వామిత్యుక్త ఆదృత్య తమాహ
సిద్ధః ॥

"భో విప్రోత్తమ! తీర్థసేవనచణాః పైశ్చే ప్రవంతీర్మహాః
పుణ్యశ్లోకవనాని; పావనతమానద్రీంశ్చ; నైకాః పురీః
అభ్రాతుం చ శతం సహస్రమపి దృక్పర్వప్రదాయీన్యహమ్
దృశ్యాన్యత్కటపాపనాశనపటూన్యాశాశ్చతస్రశ్చరన్ ॥

O Brahmin! There is no order of life equal to that of a Grihastha. The Grihastha's order is something like a treasure chest on a person's lap. It is like a Kalpa plant grown in one's own compound. It is indeed a big treasure trove conferred by heaven. It is something like a water-shed in a dreary and desert place. He is the very refuge of the maimed, the blind, the dumb and the deaf, the beggars, the guests and the wandering monks and all such helpless folk."

Pravara spoke then to the Siddha, who has been extolling him: "I desire to be told in great detail about the various places of pilgrimage thou hast visited.

Where have you been sojourning all along? In what sacred rivers thou hast the privilege to have your purification baths? What blessed lands and forests have been traversed by you? O Mahatma! please describe the places of pilgrimage that thou hast the fortune to visit and enjoy?"

It is said that the sins of all those who,for any reason, are unable to visit the holy and sacred places of pilgrimage, get all of them washed away and purified just by listening to the description of their sanctity and glory. Hence I beseech thee to narrate to me in full about your visits to all those blessed places."

"O holy Brahmin! in the course of my extensive pilgrimage, I bathed in many a sacred river, saw very holy and sanctified forests, most sacred hills and dales and many great cities. Going about on all sides, I had the fortune to enjoy the sight of wonderful natural scenes and sceneries which can free any one from all sins.

కేదారేశముపాచరం; భగవతీం ప్రాణంసిషం హింగులా;
మద్రాక్షం పరమంప్రయాగనిలయం పద్మాక్ష; మారాధయం
యాదోనాథసుతాపతిం చ బదరీనారాయణం; కింబహు
వ్యాహారై ? శ్చరతా దిశా ద్విజ! శతం దృష్టా మయా దేవతాః ॥

విశిష్య సర్వాణ్యభివర్ణ్య వక్తుం దృశ్యాని ఘస్రాణి బహూని మేస్యుః
గ్రామైకరాత్రం విచరామి; నాల్రై కాహాత్పరం వస్తు మయుక్త
రూపమ్ ॥

ఇత్యుక్తః ప్రవరః పునస్స వదతిస్మారూఢశంకోఽస్మి; బ
హ్వబ్దాని స్యు రమూనిసేవితవతః క్షేత్రాణి తీర్థాని నుః
వక్త్రం తేఽభినవం వయః ప్రకటయ; త్యేతద్విచిత్రం; న నః
శ్శక్యం జ్ఞాతు: మధ త్వమేవ భగవన్ ! జ్ఞాతా మహిమ్నస్తవ.

ఇత్యూచివాంసం ప్రవరం స ఆఖ్య దలం విశంక్యా;థ న సంశయస్య
ప్రశ్నేన దోషః;శృణు ! విప్రపుత్ర ! జరా రుజా నః స్పృశతో న
సిద్ధాన్ ॥

I worshipped the Lord Kedareswara. I offered my respectful salutations to the Goddess Hingula. I had the privilege to visit the shrines of Lord Madhava of Prayaga. I also offered my salutation to Lord Badarinarayana, the divine consort of Goddess Laxmi. Why should I particularly name this and that. I went about in all directions and paid my respects to various Gods and Goddesses.

It would take many days if I begin to describe to you in greater detail all about the holy places of pilgrimage. As I spent only one day in every particular place of my visits, I can't extend my stay here for more than a day."

Pravara again spoke thus : "O Bhagawan ! it verily takes years and years to travel and visit so many places of pilgrimage. I see your youth in thy face but the experiences gained by thy visits to so many places of worship equally proclaim thy advanced age. This is the great doubt weighing heavily on me. Thou alone can'st assess the measure of thy greatness.

The Siddha spoke thus to Pravara, who spoke in that manner: "O Brahmin youth ! there is nothing wrong at all in questioning me when you have doubts. Hence, let there not be anything like hesitation on your part. Age and disease have no effect upon people like us.

రహస్యమేతత్పరమం న వాచ్యం తథాపి వక్ష్యే శృణు ! పాదలేపః
నామౌషధం సత్కృపయేశ్వరస్య లబ్ధం; ప్రభావేన చరామి యస్య .

రవేర్యథాశ్వా దివి సంచరంత్య శ్రాంతా వయం చాపి జవేన
భూమ్యామ్
ప్రభూష్ణవస్సంచరితుం తథేతి తత స్స విప్రః కుతుకాంతరంగః ॥

బద్ధాంజలిః ప్రాహ "భవత్ప్రభావ మూఢస్య వాచాటతమస్య మేఽద్య
క్షాంత్వా వచో మాం మునిచంద్ర కుర్యాస్త్వం తీర్థయాత్రామను
గృహ్య ధన్యమ్" ॥

యావత్ప్రార్థిత ఏవం తావత్సిద్ధః కరండకే గుప్తమ్
దంతమయే రసమలిప త్పదయోస్తస్యైష స ఇతి తమనుక్త్వా ॥

లిప్త్వా గతవతి సిద్ధే యథేచ్ఛమవనీసురో దిదృక్షురగాత్
ప్రాలేయాచలశృంగ శ్యామలకాననదరీఝరీప్రభృతీన్ ॥

Further, there is one great secret, which cannot be divulged; yet I will tell you, listen to me. By the Grace of God, I have obtained an ointment for smearing to the soles of my feet. I could traverse long long distances on account of its magic effect.

Even as the horses harnessed to the chariot of the Sun do travel with the speed of lightning without getting in the least tired at all, so we can go about on earth with the same speed.

Then Pravara, being greatly overjoyed, respectfully folded his hands and said: "Sir, please rid me of the sin of my ignorant talk, not comprehending thy greatness. Please bestow on me the boon of successfully accomplishing my cherished desire of visiting places of pilgrimage and thus bless me."

After being praised thus by Pravara, the Siddha took out an ointment carefully secreted in an ivory casket from out of his bag and smeared it unto his soles saying "This is that."

The Siddha having smeared the occult ointment to the soles, went his way. Then Pravara, desiring to see all places on all the sides freely journeyed to the Himalayan regions, which was full of thick green forests and swift flowing rivulets.

హిమాచలం సోఽవతతార యత్ర శిఖండినశ్శృంగపతజ్ఝరీణామ్
తరంగవాద్యైః పరిపుల్లపించా నృత్యంతి కేకారవగీతికాభిః ॥

నరనారాయణచరణ ద్వయచిహ్నితబదరికావనికామ్
విప్రః ప్రవిశ్యనిర్ధూ తాఘం స్వం మన్యమాన ఏతిస్మ ॥

శేషాహీనాం శతమివగిరేరూర్ధ్వభాగాదధస్తా
త్స్వచ్ఛాంభోభిఃకుటిలగతిభిర్నిస్సరంత్యఃస్సరిత్వంత్యః
స్థాణు వ్రాతో బృహదుపలసంఘాత ఆలోక్యతేఽత్ర నిర్మగ్నాః కృచ్ఛ్రే తపసి మునయో వా విభిన్నాసనస్థాః ॥

క్షేత్రం యత్ర భగీరథేన సుచిరం తప్తం జటాలేన, యత్రాకాశాదమరాపగావతరతిస్మాధోఽవనేర్మండలమ్
యత్రాద్రేస్తనయాఽతపస్యదభవం ప్రాప్తుం పతిం నిష్ఠయా
యత్రాసూత షడాననం శరవణం తత్సర్వమైక్షిష్ట సః ॥

"అత్రాతపస్యన్ బహవో మునీంద్రా నై కేఽయజంశ్చాత్ర శతం క్రతూనామ్
ప్రపూతమత్రత్యతృణం దృషచ్చ ధన్యోఽహమస్మీత్యచిచింతదేషః ॥

Pravara alighted straight on the crest of the Himalayas. In tune with the music of the flowing streams from the snow – capped Himalayan hill tops, the peacocks spread their glorious plumages in full and danced in glee.

Pravara visited the holy place, Badari sanctified by the footprints of Lord Narayana himself and hence he felt himself completely purified and proceeded on his way.

There he enjoyed the sight of several rivers flowing from the hill tops and from down below in a zig–zag manner carrying with them the clearest of waters like hundreds of Adisesha serpents and vast mountain ranges, whose sides are dotted with huge massive boulders of stone, which appear as though they were all great Sages engaged in serene meditation seated in various poses of Asanas.

Pravara visited all those various places, where the sage Bhagiratha did penance with matted locks, where the holy Ganga descended upon the earth coming from the heavenly regions, where Parvati engaged herself in severe and serious meditation desiring Lord Siva himself as her Lord Consort and where she gave birth to Shanmukha.

Here the holy and great sages were lost in single – minded contemplation and meditation. Here many have performed the holiest of sacrifices. Here even stones, grass and water are held in great sanctity and, Pravara felt supreme satisfaction for having been blessed with an opportunity to visit such rare and holy places.

"కిం శక్యమద్రేరముకస్య దివ్యం మహత్త్వమాఖ్యాతుమపీశ్వరస్య ?
ద్రష్టామ్యహం శ్వః పరివృత్య చిత్రా ణ్యత్రస్థితా;న్యద్య గృహం
వ్రజామి ॥

మధ్యాహ్నే క్రీణ సంతప్తా స్సూర్యకాంతశిలా ఇహ
చూతాంకురంకుర్వతేఽత్యంతం పతిత్వైర్హిమబిందుభిః ॥

ఇతి మత్వా గంతుకామే తస్మిన్నివారవారితా
పాదతలేపో విలీనోఽభూ ద్యన్నజానాతి భూసురః ॥

ఉత్పిత్సుః ప్రవరస్యోపాదయుగళం వ్యోమోద్గమాయా ప్రభో
సత్యాత్మన్యవగత్య తాం పరిణతిం క్రూరాం భృశం వ్యాకులః
ధిగ్ ! దుర్దైవ ! హిమాచలేఽత్ర బత ! విక్షిప్తోఽస్మ్యహం యోగినో
వ్యాజాద్ఘోరతరే త్వగోచరపథే వ్యాళైర్మహాభీషణే

క్వమేఽరుణాస్పదం ? క్వాది ర్హిమవాన్ ? దృప్త ఆగతః
న దిశాం వేద్మి తాం హంత ! యయాద్యాత్ర సమాగతః ॥

"Can even God himself do full justice to estimate the divine glories and beauties of the great mountain ranges here ? He said to himself that he would again visit that place the next day and feast his eyes on the beauty spots of the place." So thinking, he wended his way towards his home.

The sun stones, having come in touch with the heated rays of the mid-day Sun, produced hissing sounds on account of the dew drops falling on them.

Thus saying to himself, Pravara was about to leave that spot, when the ointment smeared to his soles melted away, which he was not aware of.

Pravara wanted to fly into the heavenly regions above, but, as his feet refused to move, he remained where he was. He greatly depressed on account of the terrible cruel misfortune that overtook him, sorrowingly said thus: "O cruel destiny, on account of thy influence, I have been hurled into these Himalayan regions by the magic powers of the Siddha, infested by the most cruel and deadly animals and could not find my way of escape!

Where is the city Arunaspadam and where are the Himalayas? Really all this was done in unexpected haste. The pity of it is I could not know the way that led me and brought me here.

సిద్ధాసాదితలేపలిప్తచరణోఽగత్వా కురుక్షేత్రమా
యావంతీశ్చ గయాప్రయాగమధురావారాణసీద్వారకాః
సింహవ్యాఘ్రవరాహకాసరముఖైర్హింస్రైర్మృగైస్సంకులం
ప్రాలేయాచలమాగమం; బత ! మతిభ్రష్టాఃఖలుశ్రోత్రియాః ॥

క్షణం న దృష్టే మయి శోకమగ్నౌ పితా చ మాతా చతరఃపురీం; మే
శోచేత్కియద్ధర్మసతీ హతాశా కియచ్చ శిష్యాః పరిదేవయేయుః ? ॥

కిమభూన్న్వతిథిసపర్యా ? కిం భూతా న్న్వగ్నయశ్చ ? ధిక్కష్టమ్
అపసారితనిత్యక్రియ ఆశాంతే పాతితోఽస్మి హతవిధినా ॥

నాత్ర కిం దృశ్యతే కోఽపి మహాత్మా మార్లదర్శకః ?
ఇతి మందం పురో గచ్ఛన్ పశ్యతీతస్తతో దిశాః ॥

పురందరచ్ఛేదితశైలఖండ ద్వయస్య మధ్యే ద్యునదీ ప్రతీరే
అవైక్షతోద్యానవనం మనోజ్ఞం నానావిధైః పుష్పఫలద్రుమైస్యః ॥

As the result of the Siddha's magic balm, which was applied to my soles, instead of visiting holy and sacred places like Kurukshetra, Maya, Avanti, Gaya, Prayaga, Madhura, Varanasi and Dwaraka, I came into this dense Himalayan forests infested with lions, tigers, wild boars and other wild and deadly animals. Are not highly orthodox Brahmins sometimes deprived of common sense?

My aged parents, if they miss my presence even for one moment, will be lost in uncontrollable grief and anxiety and go about the city in quest of me. Would not my highly disappointed and faithful wife grieve for me? How much would my disciples weep for my absence?

I do not know what has become of those guests that visited my house and what fate has overtaken the holy sacrificial fire, that should be kept always actively burning. I feel myself banished as it were from the discharge of my daily rituals and rites and thrown by a cruel fate into these untrodden regions.

Can I not find out some holy person who would be able to show me the right way?" So saying to himself softly, he cast his eyes on all directions and proceeded forwards.

In this way, Pravara saw a flower garden, beautified by all fruit-bearing and flower-bearing trees of all kinds and situated on the banks of the Holy Ganga flanked by mountains on either side as if they were rent into two by Lord Indra himself.

అపలోక్య ప్రవరోఽసౌ విచింత్య తేనాశ్రమేణ భవితవ్యం
వేద్యస్యాల్పంథా ఇతి కించిదివోచ్చ వసితచేతస్కః ॥

అథిత్యకాయా స్స ఉపత్యకాయా వకైర్గతై ర్నిష్పతదాపగాయాః
తటాద్దిశాభా అవలంబ్య కృచ్ఛ్రం తత్రత్యముద్యానవనం ప్రవిష్టః ॥

గంధాన్ సారయతో దిశాసు చతసృరిష్వంభోరుహాణాం భృశం
కేదారస్య తటే రసాలకదళీనారంగముఖ్యద్రుమే
ఆరామేఽంగణలంబమానజటిలద్రాఘీయుచ్చం సము
త్కీర్ణం రత్నశతైర్మనోహరతమం హర్మ్యం వ్యలోకిష్ట సః ॥

భవనస్యాస్య సౌభాగ్యమీక్షమాణే మహీసురే
విస్మయావిష్టచిత్తేన మందంమందముపేయుషి ॥

మృగమదసారభసహితో ద్విగుణితఘనసారవీటికాగంధః
స్థగయన్నన్యాన్ గంధాన్ వ్యసరత్కథయన్ స్థితిం యువతేః ॥

సుగంధివాతప్రసరేణ తత్ర జనా వసంతీత్యనుమాయ విప్రః
ఉపేత్య తన్మందిరమైక్షతాగ్రే శంపాలతాంగీం తరుణీం తు కాంచిత్ ॥

Pravara, seeing this, felt himself a little easy in his mind and thought that it must be a hermitage and that there must be some people who would be able to guide him properly to put him back on his way home.

Pravara entered the garden with great difficulty now and then maintaining his ever threatened balance by catching hold of the branches of the trees on the banks of the Ganga, which descended down from the top of the eminence into the earth below and flowing in a zig–zag manner.

He saw a beautiful and imposing mansion studded with sparkling diamonds and situated on the edge of a lake full of lotuses, charging in all directions their sweet scented fragrance and filled with trees bearing sweet fruits like mangoes, plantains, oranges and hanging bunches of grapes.

The Brahmin, seeing the immense and strange beauty of that rare mansion, was struck with amazement and was slowly walking along towards it with measured steps.

There he found indications of the presence of a beautiful young maiden, whose body was smeared with thick sandalwood paste, mixed with abundance of camphor, whose overpowering sweetness of fragrance completely suppressed the sweetest scent of even musk.

As cool and soft breezes charged with sweet fragrance blew, he felt that that must be a human habitation and so slowly directed his foot steps towards the mansion and saw in front of him a handsome maiden with rare beauty who shone before him like a flash of lightning.

తన్మందిరస్యాంగణబాలచూత వితర్దికాయాముపవిశ్య సైషా
నిక్వాణయంతీ తరుచాంగుళీభిః కుచోపరిష్టాద్విధృతాం విరించిమ్ ॥

శ్రావ్యేణ సంమిశ్ర్య గళస్వరేణ కుర్వత్సు తాళం కరకంకణేషు
ప్రగాయమానార్ధనిమీలితాక్షీ శ్రాంతేవ కేళ్యాం కుసుమాయుధస్య ॥

నేత్రాంభోజయుగే నిమేషరహితం విస్ఫారితే విస్మయా,
న్నీలాబ్జాని శతం సృజత్యవిరళం తత్తారకాయుగ్మకే,
రోమాంచోల్లసితే చ పీవరకుచద్వంద్వే, తరంగాయితా
స్వేహా, స్వాత్మని తం దదర్శ తరుణీ విప్రం మనోజాకృతిమ్ ॥

సంధృష్టే సుభగే పురో ఝుణఝుణన్మంజీరనాదా వధూ
రేషోత్థాయ నిజాసనాద్విచలితే మధ్యే చ వేణీ స్తనే
గత్వా పూగతరుప్రకాండకముపాశ్రిత్య స్థితా కుర్వతీ
స్వాలోకైరదసీయవర్త్మని లసన్మల్లీసుమాచ్ఛాదనమ్ ॥

సంకోచాత్పృథమోత్థితాచ్చపలయా, విస్తీర్ణయాసమ్మదాద్
భ్రామ్యంత్యా చ భృశంమనోరథశతా, త్తద్రూపసంశ్లాఘనాత్
ఉత్కంపత్వమవాప్తయా,ఽతినికటాత్సంస్తబ్ధయా,ఽసౌ దృశా
తన్వంగీ ప్రవరం తమీక్షితవతీ లావణ్యపాథోనిధిమ్ ॥

In the court-yard of that stately mansion, the maiden sat on a platform raised round a tender mango tree and was playing on the lyre, which rested on her blooming breasts with her soft and deft fingers.

The maiden was playing on the lyre with her soft-moving finger tips in tune with her soft melodious voice and the delicate sounds produced from her bracelets and appeared with her half-closed delicate eyes as one overwhelmed with lustful and sensuous desires.

Wherever she cast her glances with her widely opened lotus–like eyes gazed, even without a wink, all those places appeared to be covered with black tulips. As her breasts suddenly rose excited and swelled, dasires took their root in her mind. She saw before her a Brahmin shining with all glory and radiance of Manmatha himself.

The moment she saw him, the anklets on her feet jingled and she then stood up supporting herself against the trunk of a betelnut tree right in front of the Brahmin and cast on him sweet jasmine – like looks, letting her beautiful braid of her fall on her imposing breasts.

The youthful maiden, whose mind became unsteady and hence oscillating on account of her doubts created in her at first sight, who became expansive being oppressed with love and lust, who was hesitant, who was overwhelmed with many hundreds of thoughts in appreciation of his superlative beauty, beheld Pravara with a fearful fixed gaze, because of his close proximity to her.

సద్యస్తస్యా యువతే రంగే పులకాస్సముత్తస్థుః
మీనాంకానలసూచక ధూమాంకూరా యథా బహుళాః ॥

పక్ష్మద్వంద్వముదస్య నేత్రయుగళే విస్తృణ్వతిప్రేక్షణా
యాక్రామ్యేన్ముఖచంద్రమేతదితి పంచాస్త్రేణ రేఖాంకితా
కిం? సారంగమదోవిలీయ నవఘర్మాంభఃకణైస్తద్వధూ
థాలాత్సంస్రవతిస్మ గండఫలకద్వంద్వే మనోహారిణి ॥

దృశోశ్చాంచల్యం సంప్రతి శమయతిస్మానిమిషతామ్;
నవస్వేదోఽస్వేదస్థితి; మథ విమోహోఽతిమహితం
విబోధం గీర్వాణ్యా; మనసి నరచింతాపరతయా
నృధర్మేవాసీత్సా భ్రమర ఇవ కీటస్సురవధూః ॥

ఏతస్య రూపరేఖా ముహుర్ముహుర్వీక్షమాణా సా
స్మరసమ్మోహనశస్త్ర చ్ఛిన్నమనా ఇత్థమచిచింతత్ ॥

"కోఽయం మోహనరూపవిభ్రమగణైర్జేతుం ప్రభుర్యక్షరా
ట్సూనుం, సూనశరం, సురేశ్వరసుతం, సోమం, సుమశ్రీకరం?
క్వ బ్రహ్మాన్వయసంభవః? క్వ చ తనూలావణ్యమేతాదృశమ్?
గృహ్ణీయాద్యది మామయం మమ భవేన్నక్రీతదాసః స్మరః? ॥

All over the body of that beautiful maiden fuming rashes sprang up which distinctly signified that she was a victim to lust awakening fire of Manmatha.

Her eyes became so wide open and expansive and crossed over her eye-brows as if they are going to occupy her entire face beautiful as the moon and so it looked as though Manmatha drew a line across her face to prevent their expansion any further. Her mark of musk melted down on account of her slight sweating due to excitement and trickled down on either side of her cheeks.

By the unsteadiness of her looks, it was plain that she lost the divinity of her origin; her slight sweats meant that all traces of divinity have left her, unrestrained lust has removed from her all signs of divinity. The beautiful damsel by her constant thinking upon Pravara, a mere human being, became subjected to mere human experiences on her part.

This Varudhini, on account of her constant and steady looks at the extra-ordinary beauty and features of Pravara, felt herself completely overpowered by the shafts of Cupid and hence her mind became totally unsteady and began to think thus :

"Who can this youthful Brahmin be that can defeat even Jayanta, Manmatha, Nalakubara, Moon and Vasanta in beauty ? Where is his Brahminical birth and where is his most inviting manly grace and beauty ? If this Brahmin were to accept me, would not Manmatha himself surrender unto me as my slave ?

అస్యాస్యలావణ్యజలప్రభూత పద్మే దృశౌ ద్వే; అదసీయనక్షః
సింహాసనం చిత్తభవస్య; భాతః స్కంధౌ వృషస్యేవ మనోహరౌచ ॥

జాంబూనదజంబాలై శ్శాణోల్లీఢస్య రేణుభిర్భానోః
మిశ్రైర్ధాత్రాసృష్టం శరీరమస్యాన్యథాస్తి కథ మీదృక్ ? ॥

దృష్టచరాస్సురకిన్నర విద్యాధరసిద్ధసాధ్యగంధర్వాః
నార్హత్యేకోఽప్యేషా మధిరోఢుమనేనహంత ! తులామ్" ॥

ఏవం చేతసి కుర్వతీ స్మరధనుర్జ్యాముక్తశాతాశుగైః
పద్మే క్రూరతుషారవృష్టిభిరివచ్ఛిన్నే భృశం మానసే
నిర్ధూయహ్రియ మాత్మనస్సరభసం శబ్దాయమానేషు త
న్మంజీరేష్వభిగత్య వర్త్మని తదగ్రేఽస్థాద్యదాబ్రూత సః ॥

"కా త్వం భీతమృగేక్షణే ! ప్రవిచరస్యేకా వనేఽస్మిన్నహం
భూదేవః; ప్రవరాహ్వయోఽస్మ్యభవమత్యధ్వః ప్రమాదాచ్చరన్
శైలేఽస్మిన్; బత ! మూఢధీ; ర్జిగమిషామ్యస్మత్పురం; బ్రూహి! మే
పంథానం కృపయా; శివం భవతు తే; మత్పుణ్యరూపిణ్యసి ॥

His eyes verily have sprung up like lotuses from the clear and crystal waters of beauty. His chest looks indeed like the throne of Manmatha himself. His shoulders are big and expansive like the humps of a bull.

It looks as though Brahma specially created him with elements of Gold mixed with all the radiant rays of the glowing Sun. Else how can his body shine with so much of rare beauty and lustre ?

Not even one among the Suras, Kinnaras, Vidyadharas, Siddhas, Sadhyas and Gandharvas can equal him in his manly grace and beauty.

Thus thinking, the maiden's mind was ruffled by the sharp shafts issued forth from the Cupid's bow like a lotus flower, whose petals are broken by the falling of the winter dew drops and putting aside her sense of modesty for a time, she came that way as the ringlets of her toes jingled and stood in front of him. Then Pravara spoke to her thus :

"O Damsel, with eyes fluttering like those of a frightened deer, who art thou ? I am going about alone in this forest. I am a Brahmin. I am called Pravara. By mistake and mischance, I lost my way in this mountainous region. Being helpless and assisted by none, I am stranded here not knowing the way leading to my city, though I am anxious to go there. Be pleased to show me my way out. May God bless you".

ఇతి కథయంతం విప్రం లసదఱీయుగం విలోలతాటంకమ్
ఉచ్ఛ్వానకుచం నిచలిర మధ్యం ప్రమదాహా మందహాసేన ॥

"కాం పంథానమిహోపయాచసి వహన్నేతావతీ చతుఱీ ?
త్వం సంలాపయసీవ కైటవతయైకాంతస్థిరం యౌవతమ్
నైతావచ్చ: న వేత్సి వర్త్మ ఋము యేనాయాస్త్వమేనం గిరిమ్ ?
నిశ్శంకం పరిపృచ్ఛయాఽతిలఘుయస్యస్మాన్: కుతోఽన్యద్వచ: ?" ॥

నర్మగర్భం సమాధాయ సైవం నిర్జరసుందరీ
ఆభిజాత్యం స్వచారిత్ర్యం వక్తుం ప్రాక్రంస్త సస్మితమ్ ॥

"స్వసా నః కన్యా యా శశినమనుజాతామృతనిధేః
కలా గాంధర్వం నః కతినదృషదో లీనయతి యా
స్మరామ్నాయాభ్యాసః ప్రథమవయ ఆరభ్య చ కృతో
భవత్యస్మచ్ఛుల్కం సవనవిధయో భూసురసుత ! ॥

కల్పతరుచ్ఛాయేషు స్వర్ణాద్రా గోష్ఠయోఽస్మాకమ్
హరివారవిరించనసభా అస్మద్వ్యాయామశాలాని ॥

The damsel's breasts began to heave and swell and her slender waist began to tremble, as she fixed her gazes upon Pravara, with wide expansive eyes and wearing dazzling ear-rings. Then she spoke to him with a smile upon her lips.

"O Brahmin, having such big and expansive eyes, whom dost thou dare ask for the way? Really, you are anxious to create for yourself an opportunity to speak to a maiden who happens to be all alone. Are you not aware of the way that led you here before? You are slightening me by putting questions without any sense of hesitation. No need for further talk".

The maiden, oppressed by an overpowering love within, replied thus to the Brahmin and began to narrate to him all about her caste, and character smilingly.

The Goddess Laxmi,who claims her birth in the milky ocean along with the moon, is my sister. Music that can even melt the hardest of stones is our hereditary learning.The science of sex has been taught to us right up from our childhood. O son of a Brahmin, the observances of all Vedic sacrifices, ceremonials and rituals are the only price with which we can be gained.

We hold our literary congregations under the shade of the Kalpa tree on Mount Meru. The audience halls of the Trinity of Gods are our sporting places.

శృణు ! సుభగ · నామధేయం వయూథినీ: కించ మే సఖ్యః
రంభాహరిణీహేమా తిలో త్తమా చ్యా భవంతి సురశ్యాః ॥

ఏతస్మింస్తుహినాచలే బహుమణీదీపోల్లసన్మందిరే
కస్తూరీరసగంధవాసితశిలాపట్టే మనోహారిణి
అస్మాకం వసతిః ర్నభోలహరికాశీతానిలాందోళి తై
ర్గచ్ఛేచ్ఛస్యంతమింధయంతి మదనం కేళీవనాన్యత్ర నః ॥

అపుష్పచాపస్మర ! వల్లభ స్త్వం బంధున్సఖాచాసి గృహాణ భక్త్యా
ప్రదత్తమాతిథ్యమిహోపవిష్టో విశ్రమ్యతామత్ర ముహూ ర్తమాత్రమ్ ॥

గ్లానం శరీరం భవతస్సువర్ణ చ్ఛాయం: ముఖం నిర్జితచంద్రబింబమ్
మ్లానంచ తాపా త్తరణేః పునీహి! మద్వేశ్మ విశ్రమ్య మహీసురేతి ॥

"విప్రోఽభ్యద్యుపతే ! తవాతిథివిధిస్సర్వశ్చ మామాగతో
నైవస్థేయమిహాద్యమే; కథమపి ప్రస్థేయమస్మత్పురమ్
అన్యానాగతి; రన్యథాగతి రితి త్వం మాస్మమ స్థాః; భవ
ద్భక్త్యాహం హృషితోఽస్మి; ధర్మచరచాయేయ మవశ్యం గృహమ్ ॥

O Beauteous Brahmin, listen further: Varudhini is my name. Rambha, Harini, Hema. Tilottama and other divine damsels, these I claim as my play-mates.

Our abode is a beautiful elevated place on these Himalayas, washed by waters scented with musk and camphor, in front of a cave lit by myriads of sparkling gems. The grain bunches, oscillating this way and that by the soft and gentle breezes, emanating from the holy Ganga, descending from above, excite our feelings of lust and love.

O Manmatha like Brahmin, without the flowery bow, thou art dear and near and also a friend to me. Please accept that hospitality that I extend to you with all reverence and devotion. Take thy seat here and enjoy rest for a while.

The golden complexion of thy body has withered. Thy face, that can even challenge the beauty of the moon, has faded away on account of the heated rays of the Sun. O son of a Brahmin, rest thee here a while sanctifying my abode.

The Brahmin replied thus: "O Maiden!. I take it that all thy hospitality has been offered by thee and accepted and enjoyed by me, but staying here to-day even for a while is out of question. At any cost, I must reach my home. Do not take unfair advantage of the fact that I am helpless here. I am eminently satisfied with your most respectful and endearing reception. I must necessarily reach my home in obedience to the imperative call of duty as a Brahmin.

గంతవ్యం కథమస్మదీయనగరం ? దివ్యః ప్రభావోఽస్తి వః
స్వఃస్త్రీణాం; సకలం కరామలకవద్భాతి విశ్వాంతరే
పంథానం కృపయాంబ ! దర్శయ ! మమేత్యాఖ్యాయినం భూసురం
ప్రోవాచ స్మితచంద్రికావిలసితాస్యేందుస్సపర్యాంగనా ॥

"పురీపురీత్యేకవిధం శిశుర్వేత్స్వప్నాయసే: తే పురికాకుటీరైః
తులాం భజంతే నకి ? మత్రగత్మ దరీలతాకుంజవనాన్యమూని ? ॥

ధాత్రీసురాలమపగుహ్య; శృణోతు సత్యమ్
లగ్నం మనో మమ భవత్యభిభూతకామే
కిం మాం జిఘాంసయిషసి స్మర దారుణాస్త్రై ?
రాశ్లిష్య నందయసి పుష్పకుటీష్వమూషు ? ॥

ఇత్యుక్త ఆహ విప్రః "కిమిదం వనజేక్షణే ! భవత్యుచితమ్
కామయసే కృచ్ఛ్రతపో వ్రతనిష్ఠాన్ బ్రాహ్మణాన్: విమృశ ॥

దేవారాధనవైశ్వదేవధరణీదేవార్చనాద్యాహ్నికా
స్న్యాత్కాంతాని: గతశ్చ భుక్తిసమయో: వృద్ధో శుధార్తే పితా
మాతా మార్గనిరీక్షణాలసదృశే స్తస్తత్ర: చంద్రాననే !
అస్మద్భాగ్యాహిత: ఆగమోత్కవిధయో లుప్యంతి నేయాం గృహమ్" ॥

I must at any cost reach my town. Heavenly maidens like you are endowded with divine powers. Even the happenings in the other worlds are indeed very well-known to you. So, O mother, be pleased to show me my way". Varudhini, whose face is like a full-blown moon, spoke thus to Pravara, who was anxious to leave the place.

"Thou art talking like a child in its dreams often about your town. Do not these beautiful groves and mansions surrounded on all sides by entwining creepers stand a comparison to your much talked of huts in your town ?

O the best of Brahmins, what need have I to hide anything from you. Hence listen to me. My mind is wholly engrossed in thee, who has excelled in beauty even Cupid. Do you wish to make me a victim to the sharp and cruel shafts of Cupid, or do you take me in your embraces and give me full satisfaction in the midst of these enchanting bowers ? ".

Pravara replied then to Varudhini, who had the courage to address him like that : "O thou lotus-eyed damsel, what is all that you talk of? Is it fair and proper on your part to desire union with Brahmins, who are wholly immersed in their severe penances and prayers? Just think a while.

The time for worship of my Gods, Vaiswadevam and honouring guests and my other daily rites and observances, have already been over. The time for my meals also has lapsed. My aged and hungry parents would be casting anxious glances for me this way and that. O Maiden, with all the glory and beauty of full moon, I am a strict orthodox Brahmin, attached to the regular performances of daily religious ritual and rites. If I do not reach my home betimes, I will be missing all these".

ఇత్యుక్తే షదివావపదీ ప్తివదనాఽచఖ్యౌ "స్ఫురద్రూప ! తే
యాతం చేన్నవయోవనం ప్రకుతిగతై ర్నానావిధైఃకర్మభిః
సౌభ్యానాం తు కదానుభోగసమయస్సాంసారికాణాం: ఫలమ్
యాగాదేర్దివి మావ్యశాం ఖలు పరీరంభో మరుద్యోషితామ్ ॥

భోగ్యాన్యత్ర పరీక్షతాం మమ యువన్ ! వస్తూని కస్తూరికా
కర్పూరో, హిమవారి నైకవిధపుష్పాభోః భృశం గంధిలః
సంజాతాని ఫలాసవానిచ సుపర్వానోక హేభ్యో, మణీ
భూషా రమ్యతరాంశుకాని చ: మయా రంరమ్యతాం తై స్సహా

యథా దివాంధః పరిహృత్య దూరే సూర్యాతపం శై లగుహాంప్రయాతి
వివాయ గంధర్వవధూరతం త్వం తుచ్ఛం కుటీరం తవ గంతుకామః ॥

ప్రాప్యం హ్యేక్కతిభిర్జనుర్భిరిహ పుష్కప్రస్రస్య శాతేషుభిః
క్లిష్టాయాః కరశాయితాపగతరుజ్మత్యా దృశోఽశ్రుప్లుతాః
కుర్వత్యా అతిదీనదృష్టిమభితో వ్యాపారయంత్యాః పరీ
రంభః స్వప్రియగాత్రమారుతలవస్పర్శాచ్చ లీగాత్మనః ? ॥

As the holy Brahmin addressed Varudhini like that, she spoke to Pravara, with a faded face bereft of all its glorious and enchanting beauty. "O thou divinely handsome Brahmin, if thou shouldst waste away all thy youthful age, with such strict and holy religious observances as enjoined by the Scriptures, where is anytime left for you to enjoy the pleasures of family life? Is not union with and enjoyment of all sensual pleasures the only reward for all the performances of sacrifices on your part?

O youthful Brahmin, just cast your glances on all the objects of pleasure spread out invitingly before you here - musk, camphor, lavender, flowers of various kinds and rare and different kinds of perfumes, beautiful luscious fruits, rare and costly gems and clothing extracted from many a divine tree. Enjoy union with me and in the midst of all these.

Even as the owl, leaving the sunny groves goes back to its dark, dingy and distant mountain den, so art thou bent upon going to your humble and hateful dwelling giving up the certainty of a union with a far - famed and beautiful Gandharva maiden like myself.

Thou dost not know how many times you have to pass through births and re-births here upon this earth in order to enjoy the chance and privilege of embracing a damsel like myself – one that is a victim to the unbearable shafts of Cupid, to one shedding tears, to one who is casting piteous looks on all sides and one who is oppressed with unsatisfied desire, the moment one is touched by cool, soft and gentle breezes proceeding from her lover.

చాంద్రాయణోపవాస వ్రతనియమైరింద్రియనిరోధైః
కృశితః క్రశయసి జీవం సశరీరస్వర్గ ఆయత్తే" ॥

ఏవం బ్రువతీం యువతీం ప్రాహప్రవర "స్త్వదుక్తముపదేశమ్
కామ్యర్హతి; నాకామీ యది వేత్స్యావేదయాధ్వానమ్ ॥

బతేంద్రియగ్రామహృతాత్మచిత్తో విమార్గనేతుర్మదనస్య బాణైః
ఉన్మాదనైర్వక్రపథేన గచ్ఛ న్నధః పతేద్బ్రహ్మసుఖాద్బుధోఽపి ॥

తిరస్కృతాప్యేవ మనేన తన్వీ పుంఖానుపుంఖైర్వ్యథితా స్మరాస్త్రైః
సౌందర్యదర్పేణ విలాసశస్త్రైర్జిగీషురాస్యేఽస్య దృశః ప్రసార్య ॥

కైశ్యం కంకణనిక్వణైః కరలతాద్వంద్వేన సంగ్రధ్నతీ
దృశ్యేతే స్వకుచౌ యథా పృథుతరౌ సంవ్యానముద్ధూన్వతీ
వ్యాజేన త్రివ్యనితంబజఘనం సందర్శయంతీ. ముహు
ర్భ్రూకుట్యా స్వసఖీరుపాగతవతీ స్తంతర్జయంత్యాహ తమ్ ॥

Thou hast not only been weakened and deprived of all thy manly grace by your strict observances of vows like Chandrayana restraining all your senses, but also starving away the soul within you. Is it for the sake of obtaining salvation with this physical body that thou art engaged likewise?

Pravara spoke thus to the damsel that was talking in that manner : "All thy advice and exhortation would do well to one who is a victim to lust, but it is of no avail at all for one who is no victim to it. Please show me the way if thou knowest it.

If one who is agitated in his mind because of his inability to restrain his senses, becomes frenzied on account of becoming a victim to the shafts of Manmatha and goes astray, even though he is very highly learned, such a person is not destined to enjoy absolute bliss and beatitude but becomes a fallen man.

Though the damsel is thus rejected and despised by Pravara, she yet entertained the hope of winning him over by aiming at him several of Cupid's arrows and by the magic spell of her beauty and superlative feminine attractions, bent her concentrating looks upon him.

Adjusting her loosened hair with her hands jingling with her bracelets, heaving her breasts that they may appear swollen and protruding and exhibiting under some pretext or other her full and round buttocks and knitting her eye-brows, she spoke to him thus in a threatening manner.

యస్మిన్ రాగాత్సజతి హృదయం, కుంభదీపో యథా స్యా
ద్యస్మిన్స్నేహాయన, మపరతస్వ్రపసంగాని యస్మిన్
వాచాతీతం సుఖమనుభవంత్రింద్రియాణ్యేష ఏవ
బ్రహ్మానందః కిల: నహి పరశ్చింత్యతాం బ్రహ్మవాదిన్ ! ॥

ఈదృక్తర్కేణ స్వం ప్రతార్య వశ్యం చికీర్షంత్యాః
శ్రుత్వా వచో జుగుప్సా వికటస్మితవదన ఆహ తాం స యథా

పాండిత్యం మహాదీదృశం క్వచిదపి వ్రైడిష్మహి త్వం వినా ?
ప్రాచార్యేవ వివృణ్వతీహ వదసే త్వం కామశాస్త్రే వధు !
వాపాయ శ్రుతిధర్మమార్గ ఇతి పుణ్యావ్యై రతిశ్చేత్యహో !
వ్యాఖ్యేదృక్కిల మోఘశాస్త్రవచసాం వస్సంప్రదాయాగతా ॥

శక్యం కిం తవ వేదితుం శశిముఖ ! ప్రాతశ్చ సాయం హుతై
స్తృప్తైనానలదైవతేన కృపయా దత్తాని సౌఖ్యాని ? మే
వస్త్వన్యన్నహి రోచతేఽరణికుశాగ్న్యాదీన్ వినాఃస్థాస్ను కిం
గాత్రం ? నార్హసి తుచ్ఛమీదృశసుఖం వక్తుం లఘీయస్తమమ్ ॥

"Whosoever's heart and soul are solely concentrated on the attainment of one and only one object, whosoever's mind stands steadily like a light put inside a pot, whosoever's sensory organs are drawn away from the objects of enjoyment and whosoever's organs are ever engaged in the enjoyment of such inestimable and unattainable pleasures, such a pleasure only can be called absolute bliss. There is no other greater pleasure than this."

Pravara, listening to such words of Varudhini, who was trying to deceive him, by such a kind of logic and make him yield to her, laughed at her with all contempt and replied thus to her with all disgust.

"One cannot find such a curious kind of learning anywhere else except in you. You seem to be lecturing to me as if you are proficient in the science of sex. Perhaps it may be your hereditary explanation and interpretation that all the duties and rites enjoined by the Srutis are meant only for the enjoyment of sinful pleasures and not at all for the attainment of merit.

O Damsel, with a face beautiful as the moon, are you aware of that kind of bliss, which is attained only by the due performances of worship to the God of fire at the dawn of the day and at the close of the day. Somehow, I am not at all enamoured of anything else in life other than Arni, Kusa grass and holy sacrificial fires. Is there anything like eternal about the existence of these physical bodies? Thou should'st not indulge in describing to me anything about these mean and ephemeral pleasures.

నిగ్ధ్యాల: మహం ఋణం నహి సహే:మా మా నిరుంద్ధీత్యసౌ
విశ్లిష్టే సతి నీవిబంధ ఉదితే రోమాంచనే గాత్రకే
విస్రస్తే కబరీభరే, నివతి తేషూర్వ్యాంప్రసూనేషు ని
శ్వాసేషు ప్రసరత్సు కామవివశా తస్మిన్నప ప్రద్వధూ: ॥

స్తనాభ్యాం పీనాభ్యాం నిబిడముపగుహ్యాధరసుధా
ప్రపాణోద్యుక్తాయామవనిసుర ఉత్కృష్య భగవన్ !
హతోఽస్మీత్యావర్త్య స్వవదనమపావర్తయదమూమ్
న ధీరాణాం చిత్తం వికలయతి కాంతాకులకళా ॥

ఋషైవం హ్రీతాసౌ ప్రమదావస్థాయ నాతిదూరేఽస్య
ధృతవేణ్యుజ్జ్వలగాత్ర ద్యుతిః కృతక్షుకుటిరాహ రుద్రగళా"

"ఏవం స్త్రీం సుకోమలాం ఋషిసి: ధిక్త్వాం దుర్జనం: జేపణా
ద్విద్ధాహం నఖరేణ తేఽత్రనిశితేనేదం పరీక్షస్వ ! మే
ఇత్యున్నీయ కుచాంశుకం స్వరబలా సందర్శ్య పీడాచ్ఛలే
నారోదీత్కలనిస్వనం పతతి బాష్పాంభస్యరోజద్వయే ॥

ఏవం రుదత్తీ సకరుణ మసౌ యథా నయనపుండరీకే స్వే
బత ! కోకనదాయతే పునరపి తం వీక్ష్య నిశ్వాసాహ ॥

Let me not be forced down by you. I cannot afford to waste even a moment further here. Let me not be pinned down here." When that damsel with the knots of her saree loosened, as the hair on her body stood on end, and as her knotted hair became unloosened and as the flowers dropped down, the maiden, heaving heavy sighs, became uncontrollable by the pangs of love and reclined on the Brahmin.

When she drew Pravara to a hot embrace hugging him with her full breasts and was about to imprint her kisses upon his lips, the Brahmin looked at her and spoke thus: "Alas! my God! I am struck down and defeated." So saying, he turned his face aside and pushed her away. The viles and guiles even of beautiful damsels cannot agitate the minds and hearts of those heroic souls endowed with steady and steadfast minds.

Though the damsel has been spurned and thrown out by Pravara, yet she stayed near him and spoke to him with a quivering voice, holding her waving and floating hair in her hand and knitting her eye-brows.

"It is indeed most brutal on your part to spurn me, a beautiful maiden, thus : Just see how I have been pricked by your sharp finger nails here." So saying, she started weeping in a low and soft voice as if she has been much anguished and her tears trickled down her cheeks.

Thus wailing, she closed her lotus-like eyes and spoke to him thus, heaving a heavy sigh.

యాగాః కృతాః కృచ్ఛ్రితపః కృతంచే త్యాత్తస్మాత్సిద్ధ్యంతి న తాని తస్య
యో నిర్ఘృణోభూతదయామతి ర్హి యజ్వా తపస్వీ నహి వేత్తి మూఢ !

కిం దాశకన్యాప్రణయేన విప్రై ర్బహిష్కృతోభూత్స పరాశరర్షిః?
కిం మేనకాయా గ్రహణేన లుప్తధర్మాభవద్గాధిసుతో మునీంద్రః? ॥
మందప్రభావః కిము మాందకర్ణిః స్వర్వేశ్యకన్యాజనకాముకో యః
దేవైరహల్యావిట ఇంద్ర ఆసీద్విభ్రంశితో దైవతరాజ్యపీఠాత్ ? ॥

మహత్తరోసి త్వమమీభ్య ఆహో యే తాపసాః పర్ణఫలానిలాశాః
కౌపీనమాత్రం పరిధాయినస్తే న పాదదాస్తరుణీజనస్య ? ॥

నకిమప్యుక్త్వా ప్రవర స్తస్యాః స్పర్శేన వాసితంవక్షుః
ప్రక్షాళ్యాంబుభిరాచ మ్యాస్తావీద్గార్హపత్యాగ్నిమ్ ॥

"Thou hast performed holyYagas and great penance. But remember that all these do not give any fruit to one, who is bereft of all human sympathy and kindness. Though thou hast performed sacrifices, thou can'st never be called a sage and thou art no better than an ignoramus.

Was Parasara, the great sage, excommunicated by the Brahmins for having professed his love to a maiden belonging to a Fisherman community? Did the great sage Viswamitra suffer in any way simply because he accepted union with Menaka? Has Mandakarni lost his glory by reason of his infatuation for divine damsels? Has Indra been pulled down from his heavenly throne on account of his illicit love for Ahalya?

Can you say that you are greater than all these? All those personages subsisted on only fruits and leaves. They had nothing on their bodies save a loin cloth to cover their nakedness. Did not all these personages bend down to the feet of fair youthful damsels in servility?"

Then Pravara, not saying a word in reply to the maiden, cleansed his chest which was polluted by the touch and embraces of Varudhini, took in the palm of his hand a little of the holy waters, chanted hymns in praise of the God of fire, invoked and worshipped by every householder.

"త్వద్రూపేణ ముఖేన నిర్జరగణో భుంక్తే కణేహత్యః భో
స్త్వామీశం శ్రుతయః స్తువంతి బహుధాః త్వం లక్ష్యసేఽంతఃస్థితః
విశ్వః స్యాహవనీయదక్షిణపదఖ్యాతాగ్నియుగ్మం భవ
త్సంజాతం: గృహదేవతే ! ఽవ ! భగవన్ స్వాహాస్వధావల్లభ ! ॥

యద్యేషోఽస్మి జపాగ్నిహోత్రపరతంత్రాత్మా, భవత్పాదభ
క్త్యావిష్టశ్చ పరాంగనాపరధనాలోలశ్చ యావద్రవిః
వో నిర్మజ్జతి పశ్చిమే జలనిధౌ మాం ప్రాపయాస్మద్గృహాం
స్తావత్ప్రమముం దిగంతపతితం కారుణ్యవారాన్నిధే ! ॥

యావత్స్నాతోఽగ్నిః ప్రవరస్య గాత్రం తావత్పవిత్రోజ్జ్వలయాంచకార
సంధ్యాప్రభామండలసంవృతో వా. భానుర్బభాసేఽవనిదేవపుత్త్రః ॥

లింషన్ దిశాస్తప్తసువర్ణదీప్తిః స్వాంగస్య. లబ్ధేన మహాజవేన
సద్యస్స్య ముష్టిప్త ఇయాయ గేహం తస్యాముదక్రు ప్రవిలోకయంత్యామ్ ॥

"The multitudinous Gods in heaven get their sustenance through thee. The Srutis praise thee as the Lord of the universe itself. Thou art all-pervading. The Ahavaneeya and Dakshinagni too invoke and contemplate upon thee only. O Swaha, the Lord Consort of Swadha, my presiding family deity, save me.

If verily, I am a sincere and dutiful devotee of the God of fire and a true observer of all religious ceremonials, if I am indeed earnestly devoted to thy lotus feet, if I am not guilty either of lust for other women, or love for other's wealth,relieve me,who am entangled in the midst of the extremities of the four corners of the globe. O thou the ocean of pity and compassion, drop me at the threshold of my home, before Sun-set."

The God of fire thus invoked by Pravara, entered into him and illumined him like the glowing, bright and radiant Sun at the time of setting.

As the fair heavenly damsel was gazing at him with fiixed eyes and flowing tears, Pravara with his illuminated body shedding its radiance on all sides reached his home like one that has been hurled with great speed.

Iti sam.

బ్రహ్మశ్రీ శిరోమణి

సన్నిధానము సూర్యనారాయణశాస్త్రిగారి

సంస్కృత గ్రంథములు

(ముద్రితములు)

1. పూర్ణపాత్రమ్
2. త్రికమ్ (కీరసందేశ, విప్రవీర, మధుకోశ కావ్యత్రయమ్)
3. రామదాసమ్
4. వివేకానందమ్
5. కచదేవయానీయమ్
6. సంయుక్తా స్వయంవరమ్
7. భర్తృదానమ్
8. నందచరితమ్
9. ఆంధ్రదేశ్య హాస్యకథాః
10. కలాపూర్ణోదయః
11. త్రివేణీ (ప్రవరవరూధినీయ; భర్తృహరి చరిత, కబీరచరితాని).

అముద్రితములు

1. ఆంధ్రభాగవతానువాదః
2. ఆంధ్రకావ్యకథాః
3. శ్రీ వేంకటేశ్వర వచన శతకమ్